

# THE VOICES IN THE DARK ROOM

(POEM)

-by Brian Edwards



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**It's almost**

**One in the morning**

**Being kept awake again**

**By the voices**

**The spiritual voices**

**The astral voices**

**The voices**

**In the dark room**

**When it's almost**

**One o'clock in the morning**

**They're speaking to me**

**I'm trying not to listen**

**Whatever they've got to say**

**I'm trying not to hear it**

**I don't need to hear it**

**It's most often**

**Just evil spirit propaganda**

**I just took**

**Some more sleep-aid**

**I'm feeling tired**

**But not tired enough it seems**

**To fall asleep**

**And escape these voices**

**The moon**

**Is finally out now**

**Risen high**

Full and bright  
In the night sky  
The voices  
Are still speaking  
I hear only  
Fragmented chatter  
What's it all about  
What meaning is there  
To be found here  
If there is any meaning  
The voices seem  
To lie in ambush  
I'll make another  
Attempt at sleep again  
Voices are here  
But what kind of voices  
It's all here  
Right now  
Voices from  
Some astral plane  
Reality  
More complex  
And more bizarre  
Than I ever knew  
Here I am  
It's almost one in the morning  
Haunted for another night  
But I'll stay  
In the fight

**It's quiet outside**

**These walls**

**It's quiet all around**

**But not here**

**In this room**

**There are voices**

**But at least there is the moon**

**Like an oasis**

**Of solitude and silence.**

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